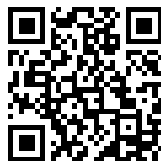


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# FOR HIS SAKE





# FOR HIS SAKE

*Thoughts for Easter Day and  
Every Day*

EDITED BY

ANNA E. MACK

Editor of "Because I Love You" and  
"Heaven's Distant Lamps"



BOSTON

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FOR HIS SAKE.

*Norwood Press*  
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## Preface

A COLLECTION of thoughts for Easter Day and every day, selected from many sources, and brought together for the help and inspiration of those who read.

Published for the purpose of furthering the mission work of the Church in the Diocese of Nebraska, primarily the erection of a church building in Tekamah, Nebraska.

ANNA E. MACK.

TEKAMAH, NEB.

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A LITTLE band of faithful people, hungering for the regular ministrations of the Church of their love, yet lacking sufficient means to erect a church building, have determined to bring about the consummation of their hopes by individual effort, and thus bring a blessing not only upon themselves, but upon the community in which they live.

“For His Sake,” and for the furtherance of His work among men, is the inspiration which prompts the devoted compiler to send forth this admirable collection of Christian thoughts. I heartily commend the book to the reading public, and trust that the object for which it is published may be fully realized.

ARTHUR L. WILLIAMS,  
*Bishop Coadjutor of Nebraska.*

OMAHA, June 22, 1900.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE very cordial permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. to use the selections from Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, the Cary sisters, and Mrs. Thaxter, has been granted ; and that of The Young Churchman Company for extracts from " The Practice of the Interior Life," by the Right Reverend William E. McLaren, Bishop of Chicago. Several authors have also kindly allowed the use of short poems. For these favors the editor wishes to express the highest appreciation.

A. E. M.

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# Easter Angels





## Easter Angels

GO D hath sent His angels  
To the earth again,  
Bringing joyful tidings  
To the sons of men.  
They who first at Christmas  
Thronged the heavenly way  
Now beside the tomb-door  
Sit on Easter Day.  
Angels, sing His triumph  
As you sang His birth,  
"Christ the Lord is risen,  
Peace, good will on earth."

In the dreadful desert,  
Where the Lord was tried,  
There the faithful angels  
Gathered at His side.  
And when in the garden,  
Grief and pain and care  
Bowed Him down with anguish,  
They were with Him there.  
Angels, sing His triumph  
As you sang His birth,  
"Christ the Lord is risen,  
Peace, good will on earth."

Yet the Christ they honor  
Is the same Christ still  
Who in light and darkness  
Did His Father's will.  
And the tomb deserted  
Shineth like the sky,  
Since He passed out from it  
Into victory.  
Angels, sing His triumph  
As you sang His birth,  
"Christ the Lord is risen,  
Peace, good will on earth."

God has still His angels,  
Helping at His word,  
All His faithful children  
Like their faithful Lord,  
Soothing them in sorrow,  
Arming them in strife,  
Opening wide the tomb-doors,  
Leading into life.  
Angels, sing His triumph  
As you sang His birth,  
"Christ the Lord is risen,  
Peace, good will on earth."

Father, send Thine angels  
Unto us, we pray ;

Leave us not to wander,  
All along our way.  
Let them guard and guide us,  
Wheresoe'er we be,  
Till our resurrection  
Brings us home to Thee.  
Angels, sing His triumph  
As you sang His birth,  
"Christ the Lord is risen,  
Peace, good will on earth."  
BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.



# The Presence of God



**O** GLORIOUS Easter morning !  
O day of peace and light !  
One precious name adorning  
With lilies pure and white,  
A gladsome message bringing  
Of love that knows no fear ;  
The sweetest anthem singing :  
“ The risen Christ is here.”

SARAH K. BOLTON.



HUSH, I pray you !  
What if this friend happened to be — God.

ROBERT BROWNING.



“YE shall find the Babe.”  
Only a manger, cold and bare,  
Only a maiden mild,  
Only some shepherds kneeling there,  
Watching a little Child ;  
And yet that maiden’s arms enfold  
The King of Heaven above ;  
And in the Christ-Child we behold  
The Lord of Life and Love.

“My Father giveth you the True Bread.”  
Only an altar high and fair,  
Only a white-robed priest,  
Only Christ’s children kneeling there  
Keeping the Christmas feast ;  
And yet beneath the outward sign  
The inward Grace is given, —  
His Presence, Who is Lord Divine  
And King of earth and heaven.

A. R. G.



THERE lives and works a soul in all things  
And that soul is God.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE Christ who came of old to His own  
As truly comes to them now,  
Where the faithful before His altar throne  
With hearts believing bow, —  
*Emmanuel*, then and now.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.



How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given !  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.



SAID Tennyson to his niece: "I should be  
sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence;  
but to feel that He is by my side now just as much  
as you are, that is the very joy of my heart."



AND evermore beside him on his way  
The unseen Christ shall move.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

EARTH's crammed with beauty  
And every common bush afire with God,  
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

BROWNING.



THAT God which ever lives and loves  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



CHRIST — the one great word  
Well worth all language in earth or heaven.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.



NEVER have we gone out in any journey of the  
soul but God was with us.

IAN MACLAREN.



AND they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angel-song  
To-day the Prince of Peace is born.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE conscious presence of the living, loving Christ  
can lift us above all trials and difficulties.



SPEAK to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with  
Spirit can meet,  
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands  
and feet.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



THE best of all is, God is with us.

JOHN WESLEY.



ART thou fearful of the future?—Is there  
in thy heart that vague dread, that thou canst  
not define, but which nevertheless torments thee?

Trust in My Providence, I am present with  
thee, I know all, and I will never leave thee, nor  
forsake thee.



GOLD DUST.

GIVE all thy thought and care to this — that God  
be with thee in everything thou doest.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

IF but thou diest day by day  
To sins that clog thy homeward way,

Each night shall be a grave of care,  
And morn a resurrection fair.

And daily be thy strength restored  
By the dear Presence of thy Lord.



LET us learn that we can never be lonely or  
forsaken in this life. Our Lord has promised,—  
“Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of  
the world.”

DR. MANNING.

# Aspirations



## Consider the Lilies

**O** LILIES fair, O emblems meet  
Of Easter, and its bliss,  
With angel-hands ye point us on  
To higher life than this;  
Ye tell us of a Saviour's love  
Which prompted Him to die  
That He might manifest to us  
A better world on high.

Ye speak of strength beyond our own  
Which conquers death and sin,  
And opens wide the gate of heaven  
To take the ransomed in;  
Ye comfort hearts that else might break  
With grief too great to bear.  
By telling them, friends are not "dead,"  
But waiting for them there.

And oh! what purity and grace  
Do closely round you cling  
As in your gentle spirit-tones  
Ye whisper of the Spring!  
The happy time when Winter snows  
Give place to sun and shower;  
When God Himself, with tenderness,  
Doth wake each sleeping flower.



Easter lilies, fresh and fair,  
We welcome you again,  
As stars of hope to lead us on  
Through sorrow's night of pain ;  
By you the Spirit speaks to those  
Who will the message hear,  
Of resurrection power and love,  
In this the waking year.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.



## A Legend

THERE has come to my mind a legend, — a thing I  
had half forgot,  
And whether I read it or dreamed it, — ah well, it  
matters not.  
It said that in Heaven at twilight a great bell softly  
swings,  
And man may listen and hearken to the wonderful  
music that rings,  
If he put from the heart's inner chamber all the  
passion, pain, and strife,  
Heartache and weary longing, that throb in the pulses  
of life, —  
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of  
wicked things,  
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the  
angel rings.

And I think there is in this legend, if we open our  
eyes to see,  
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and  
me.  
Let us look in our hearts, and question,—can pure  
thoughts enter in  
To a soul, if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of  
sin?  
Oh, then let us ponder a little: let us look in our  
hearts and see  
If the twilight bells of the angels could ring for us,  
—you and me.



ROSE OSBORNE.

THE ideal life, the life of full completion haunts us  
all. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath  
the thing we are.



BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's  
unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O FOR a man to arise in me,  
That the man that I am  
May cease to be.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



YESTERDAY I dragged wearily along, passively resigned — the Man-I-Am — between the Man-I-Might-Have-Been and the Man-I-Yet-May-Be. But now, to-day, I feel that with Christ's help all things are possible to the aspirations, the energy and courage that are thrilling in me in this beautiful new-born life of to-day, and the Man-I-Yet-May-Be draws closer to my side.



O. F.

I HOLD it truth with him who sings  
To one clear harp in diverse tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



MAKE my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do :  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BEAUTY and Truth and all that these contain  
 Drop not like ripened fruit about our feet ;  
 We climb to them through years of sweat and pain.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



No star is ever lost we once have seen,  
 We always may be what we might have been.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not  
 back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine.  
 Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear  
 and with a manly heart.



So nigh is grandeur to the dust,  
 So near is God to man,  
 When duty whispers low, *Thou must*,  
 The youth replies, *I can*.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



LET each man do his best.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



BE not simply good, but good for something.

THEY are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



TRY to do something in the world, and you will be something, aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of success and eminence. "I cannot do it" never accomplished anything. "I will try" has wrought wonders.



THE men  
Who carry out in act their great designs  
Are few in number.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



MANY a stately ship lies shattered  
Underneath the sounding seas;  
But the grass upon the hillside  
Waves o'er sadder wrecks than these.

THE life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another: and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.

JAMES M. BARRIE.



O PRAY the prayer of Plato old,  
“God, make me beautiful within.”



Now, believe me, God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best. There is a time when we are not content to be such merchants, or doctors, or lawyers as we see on the dead level or below it. The woman longs to glorify her womanhood as sister, wife, or mother. . . .

Here is God,—God standing silently at the door all day long,—God whispering to the soul, that to be pure and true is to succeed in life, and whatever we get short of that will burn up like stubble, though the whole world try to save it.

ROBERT COLLYER.

THERE are two angels, that attend unseen  
Each one of us, and in great books record  
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down  
The good ones, after every action closes  
His volume and ascends with it to God.  
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open  
Till sunset, that we may repent ; which doing,  
The record of the action fades away,  
And leaves a line of white across the page.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



LETTING go the unworthy things that meet us —  
pretence, worry, discontent, and self-seeking — and  
taking loyal hold of time, work, present happiness,  
love, duty, friendship, sorrow, and faith, let us so  
live in all truth as to be an inspiration, strength, and  
blessing to those whose lives are touched by ours.

ANNA ROBERTSON BBROWN.



ALL great ages have been ages of belief. I mean,  
when there was any extraordinary power of perform-  
ance, when great national movements began, when  
arts appeared, when heroes existed, when poems were  
made, the human soul was in earnest.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

It is very good for strength  
To know that some one needs you to be strong.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



THE cry of the human heart in all ages and in every moment is, "Where is God and how shall I find Him?"

✱ GEORGE MACDONALD.

If we can only get out of our souls the thought that it matters not if we are happy or sorrowful, if only we are dutiful, and faithful, and brave, and strong, then we should be in the atmosphere, we should be in the great company, of the Christ.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.



There is nothing worth living for but God.

BISHOP WILLIAM E. McLAREN.



YET with hands by evil stained,  
And an ear by discord pained,  
I am groping for the keys  
Of the heavenly harmonies.  
Still within my heart I bear  
Love for all things good and fair.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



OH, be at least able to say in that day, — Lord, I am no hero. I have been careless, cowardly, sometimes all but mutinous. Punishment I have deserved; I deny it not. But a traitor I have never been; a deserter I have never been. I have tried to fight on Thy side in Thy battle against evil. I have tried to do the duty which lay nearest me, and to leave whatever Thou didst commit to my charge a little better than I found it. I have not been good, but I have at least tried to be good. Take the will for the deed, good Lord. Strike not my unworthy name off the roll-call of the noble and victorious army, which is the blessed company of all faithful people; and let me, too, be found written in the Book of Life, even though I stand the lowest and last upon its list. Amen.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

# Character



**I**F you would make men honest or pure, or in any way great, tell them of the dignity of their being : open before their eyes the vast prospects of the eternity which awaits them, in that Kingdom into which can enter "nothing that defileth or maketh a lie," yet into which they may enter if they only will. Tell them of the exceeding greatness of God's power at this moment to usward, which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead, the power of the Resurrection.

## Building

WE are building every day  
In a good or evil way,  
And the structure, as it grows,  
Will our inmost self disclose,

Till in every arch and line  
All our faults and failings shine ;  
It may grow a castle grand,  
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this,  
That can show both pain and bliss,  
That can be both dark and fair ?  
Lo, its name is Character !

Build it well whate'er you do ;  
Build it straight and strong and true ;  
Build it clear and high and broad ;  
Build it for the eye of God.

I. E. DIEKENGA.



A HUNDRED years hence what difference will it  
make whether you were rich or poor, a peer or a  
peasant ? But what difference may it not make  
whether you did what was right or what was wrong ?

I MAY not be great, I may miss all peace, but I  
will be true.



HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



A KING may knight a knave, but God  
Will still record him but a clod;  
The student of the Scripture reads,  
Man is but nobled by his deeds.

SUSIE M. BEST.



To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



WHATEVER anybody else does or says, I must be  
good: just as if the emerald were to be always say-  
ing, "Whatever anybody else does or says, *I* must be  
emerald and keep my color."



ALL in their life-time carve their own soul's statue.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE question every morning is not how to do the  
gainful thing, but how to do the just thing.

JOHN RUSKIN.



HE that wrongs his friend  
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about  
A silent court of justice in his breast,  
Himself the judge and jury, and himself  
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



NOR the wrongs done to us harm us, only those we  
do to others.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



MAY you never, never have to say,  
“My father had not been bowed so low,  
Nor my mother left us long ago,  
But for deeds of my misdoing.”

PHOEBE CARY.



WHY come temptations but for man to meet  
And master and make crouch beneath his feet?

ROBERT BROWNING.



No chain is stronger than its weakest link.

WE would willingly have others perfect and yet  
we amend not our own faults.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.



WHEN the fight begins within himself .  
A man's worth something.

ROBERT BROWNING.



Go forth and be the thing God made you to be.



NOR may man on his shield  
Ever rest, for his foe is forever afield,  
Danger ever at hand, till the arm'd Archangel  
Sound o'er him the trump of earth's final evangel.

OWEN MEREDITH.



WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.



Do noble things, not dream them all day long :  
And so make Life, Death, and the vast Forever  
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



NOT for thine own  
But others' weal, thou bearest fruit ;  
Thy gain is in thy deeper root,  
In twining branches stronger grown.

W. M. L. JAY.



TALENT shapes itself in stillness : character in the  
tumult of the world.



GOETHE.

I COUNT life just a stuff  
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man.

ROBERT BROWNING.



LIKE as a star  
That maketh not haste,  
That taketh not rest,  
Be each one fulfilling  
His God-given best.



HEAVEN's gates are not so highly arch'd  
As princes' palaces : they that enter there  
Must go upon their knees.

WEBSTER.



HUMILITY and toil are the two uprights of the  
ladder by which we ascend to Paradise.

S. BERNARD.

HEAVEN'S not gained by a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.



To reach the port of heaven we must sail some-  
times with the wind and sometimes against it. But  
we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



HE only is advancing in life, whose heart is get-  
ting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker,  
whose spirit is entering into living peace.

JOHN RUSKIN.



FOLLOW the Christ, the King,  
Live pure, speak true, right wrong.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



BE always true to the Divine Light that is within  
you, and never turn aside to the right hand, nor to  
the left, from following after Jesus.

REV. LEWIS T. WATTSON.



IF religion has done nothing for your temper, it has  
done nothing for your soul.

CLAYTON.

FOR lo! in hidden deep accord  
The servant *may be* like his Lord.  
And Thy love, our love shining through,  
May tell the world that Thou art true,  
Till those who see us see Thee too.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING.



THERE has been lodged in the conscience of this century a sense of the obligation resting upon the disciple to imitate and reproduce the character of his Master.

REV. GEORGE A. GORDON.



JESUS and His apostles teach that the supreme success of life is not to escape pain, but to lay hold on righteousness, not to possess, but to be holy, not to get things from God, but to be like God.



IAN MACLAREN.

THE chief end of a Christian life is to be refashioned into character-likeness to the Lord Jesus.

BISHOP WILLIAM E. McLAREN.



“LOVE is the fulfilling of the law.” It is the rule for fulfilling all rules, the new commandment for keeping all the old commandments, Christ’s one secret of the Christian life.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

FOR the structure that we raise  
Time is with materials filled.  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



MY business is not to remake myself, but to make  
the absolute best of what God made.



ROBERT BROWNING.

BLAMELESS, loving lives befit the children of a  
King whose name is Love. Are they gentle, lowly,  
humble-minded? Is every action an action of love  
to Him?



THE true calling of a Christian is not to do  
extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an  
extraordinary way.



DEAN STANLEY.

It does not matter whether you preach in West-  
minster Abbey, or teach a ragged class, so you be  
faithful. The faithfulness is all.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



It is possible to live very near to God under every  
conceivable environment, and what is possible is our  
highest duty.

BISHOP WILLIAM E. McLAREN.

It is a blessed simplicity when a man leaves the difficult ways of questions and disputings, and goes forward in the plain and firm path of God's commandments.

\*            THOMAS À KEMPIS.

Looking upward every day,  
Sunshine on our faces,  
Pressing onward every day  
Toward the heavenly places.

Walking every day more close  
To our Elder Brother,  
Growing every day more true  
Unto one another.

Leaving every day behind  
Something which might hinder,  
Running swifter every day,  
Growing purer, kinder.

\*

No man can become a saint in his sleep; and to fulfil the condition required demands a certain amount of prayer and meditation and time, just as improvement in any direction, bodily or mental, requires preparation and care.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

SPEAK a shade more kindly than the year before,  
Pray a little oftener, love a little more ;  
Cling a little closer to the Father's love :  
Life below will liker grow to the life above.



“GRANT to us, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as are right ; that we who cannot do anything that is good without Thee, may by Thee be enabled to live according to Thy will ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”



# **Influence**





THE Easter praise may falter  
And die with the Easter Day ;  
The blossoms that brighten the altar  
In sweetness may fade away ;  
But after the silence and fading  
Lingers a blessing unpriced  
Above all changing and shading—  
The love of the living Christ.  
For the living Christ is loving,  
And the loving Christ is alive !  
His life hidden in us is moving  
Us ever to pray and strive.

M. L. DICKINSON.

WHATE'ER thou lovest, man,  
That, too, become thou must —  
God, if thou lovest God,  
Dust, if thou lovest dust.

A.D. 1620.

ANGELUS SILESIUS.

✱

It exalteth a man from earthly things to love  
those that are heavenly.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

✱

THIS work of his is great and wonderful ;  
His very face with change of heart is changed.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

✱

WHERE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
Where'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

✱

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WE listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen, to a man who we felt to be with all his heart and soul and strength striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold, clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy for the first time the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought, and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band.

THOMAS HUGHES.



ONE example is worth a thousand arguments.

✱ WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

You can only make others better by being good yourself.

HUGH R. HAWIES.

MORE in the garden grows than what is sown,  
Not weeds alone, but flowers come up unbidden,  
Sown by the careful wind. So here I mark  
Not the parched petal, but the vital seed;  
For each word dropping from the lip or pen  
Of man or woman is a seed that dies not,  
Wafted afar, to spring we know not where.

HORATIUS BONAR.



THE dear Lord's best interpreters  
Are humble human souls,  
The gospel of a life like hers  
Is more than books or scrolls.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



You can help your fellow-men, you must help your  
fellow-men: but the only way you can help them is  
by being the noblest and best man that it is possible  
for you to be.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.



It was not anything she said;  
It was not anything she did;  
It was the movement of her head  
The lifting of her lid.  
And as she trod her path aright  
Power from her very garments stole;  
For such is the mysterious might  
God grants a noble soul.

IF our virtues  
Did not go forth of us 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



EVERY man is a missionary now and forever,  
whether he intends or designs it or not.

DR. CHALMERS.



NO STREAM from its source  
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,  
But what some land is gladden'd. No star ever rose  
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows  
What earth needs from earth's lowest creatures. No  
life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

OWEN MEREDITH.



A HOLY life has a voice : it speaks when the tongue  
is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a per-  
petual reproof.

HINTON.

IN our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet *us* from many strange places and by many strange roads, and what it is set to us to do to them, and what it is set to them to do to us will all be done.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Little Dorrit*.



I AM a part of all that I have met.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



As I look on you  
My heart grows lighter, I behold a man  
Who lives in an ideal world, apart  
From all the rude collisions of our life  
In a calm atmosphere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



AND this we may know surely, that no man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.



How far that little candle throws his beams  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THIS learned I from the shadow of a tree  
That to and fro did sway upon a wall,—  
Our shadow-selves, our influence, may fall  
Where we can never be.

ANNA E. HAMILTON.



O PIOUS mother! kind, good, brave, and truthful  
soul as I have ever found, and more than I have  
ever elsewhere found in this world, your poor Tom,  
long out of his school days now, has fallen very  
lonely, very lame and broken in this pilgrimage of  
his: and you cannot help him, or cheer him by a  
kind word any more. From your grave in Eccle-  
fechan Kirkyard, yonder, you bid him trust in God,  
and that also he will try if he can understand and do.

THOMAS CARLYLE.





# Work for God



## Easter Flowers

THEY brought their flowers to the altar,  
    Blossoms of white and red;  
Lilies and violets and roses  
    The sweetest of perfumes shed;  
And none of the rich and mighty  
    Who lavished their gifts that day,  
Took heed of a child among them  
    Who timidly pressed her way.

She crept up close to the altar,  
    And there, 'neath a lily's crown,  
With tender, reverent fingers,  
    She laid her offering down,  
And said to a curious question,  
    As the flowers dropped from her hand,  
"It is only a little daisy,  
    But God will understand."

Sweet childish faith! Oh, teach us  
    Our little best to give,  
Though the works of others are greater  
    Than the humble life we live;  
And to offer our grateful service  
    Forever with loving hand,  
Safe in the blessed assurance  
    That God will understand.

THE glory is not in the task, but in  
The doing it for Him.

JEAN INGELow.



WHATSOEVER ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord  
and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye  
shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye  
serve the Lord Christ.

*Col. iii. 23, 24.*



SHALL not the Fashioner command His work?  
And who am I, that if He whisper, "Rise,  
Go forth upon Mine errand," — should reply  
— I pray Thee, God,  
Have me excused.

JEAN INGELow.



I HEARD the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall  
I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here  
am I, send me.

*Isa. vi. 8.*



LOOK upon yourself as a hired servant of God, to  
whom He has promised a rich reward at the end of  
the day He calls life; each morning hold yourself in  
readiness to obey His commands, in the way He wills,  
and with the means He appoints.

GOLD DUST.

God gives us always strength enough, and sense enough, for what He wants us to do.

JOHN RUSKIN.



To love God is a great thing, to love Him more and more a greater, and to make others love Him so great it is a joyous surprise, ever fresh and new every day, that God should let us, such as we are, do so great a thing.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.



BLESSED are they who die for God,  
And earn the martyr's crown of light,  
Yet he who lives for God may be  
A greater conqueror in His sight.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



EXPECT great things from God:  
Attempt great things for God.

CAREY.



OH, the long, long years are flown,  
Since a Master bade His own  
Bear the message far and wide  
Of a Saviour crucified;  
Flash the light o'er vale and hill,  
Yet they sit in darkness still.

THE question is not what must I do, but what may I do. Love will stop at nothing. It takes up its cross and travels after its object over every hill and mountain of difficulty.



LOVE and believe : for works will follow spontaneous  
Ever as day does the sun : the Right from the Good  
is an offspring :  
Love in a bodily shape : and Christian works are no  
more than  
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate  
Springtide.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



I AM glad to think  
I am not bound to make the wrong go right ;  
But only to discover and to do,  
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

JEAN INGELOW.



UNLESS we perform divine service with every  
willing act of our life, we never perform it at all.

JOHN RUSKIN.

YEA! yea! a look the fainting heart may break  
Or make it whole:  
And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake,  
May save a soul.

MAY RILEY SMITH.



ARE there none to die for Israel?  
'Tis not enough to mourn. Breastplate and harness  
Are better things than sackcloth.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



THE old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



By many hands the work of God is done.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



WORSHIP or service — which? Ah, that is best  
To which He calls me, be it toil or rest, —  
To labor for Him in life's busy stir;  
Or seek His feet a silent worshipper.



## The Common Offering

It is not the deed we do,  
Tho' the deed be never so fair, —  
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,  
Hidden with holy care  
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,  
The treasure our treasure must hold,  
Or ever our Lord will take the gift,  
Or tell the worth of the gold, —  
By the love that cannot be told.

Behold us the rich and the poor —  
Dear Lord in thy service draw near;  
One consecrateth a precious coin,  
One droppeth only a tear;  
Look, Master, — the love is here!

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.



JESUS, Master, whom I serve,  
Though so feebly and so ill,  
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve  
All Thy bidding to fulfil;  
Open Thou mine eyes to see  
All the work Thou hast for me.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

# Work for Others



**O**H, let me know  
The power of Thy resurrection ;  
Oh, let me show  
Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection ;

Oh, let me give  
Out of the gifts Thou freely givest ;  
Oh, let me live  
With life abundantly because Thou livest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

NOT to be ministered unto, but to minister.

*Mark x. 45.*



NOT to be served, O Lord, but to serve man

All that I can,

And as I minister unto his need

Serve Thee indeed.

So runs the law of love that hath been given,

To make earth Heaven.

WALTER C. SMITH.



AN arm of aid to the weak,

A friendly hand to the friendless,

Kind words so short to speak,

But whose echo is endless, —

The world is wide, these things are small,

They may be nothing, but they are all!

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.



LOVE God and love one another! Is that all?

That we have known from our youth up. Yet  
is there nothing else to say?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good  
unto all men.

*Gal. vi. 10.*

HAVE love! not love alone for one;  
But man as man thy brother call,  
And scatter like the circling sun  
Thy charities on all.

FREDERICK SCHILLER.



AH, when shall all men's good  
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land  
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



THERE is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or  
behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain  
around us.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



I SHALL pass through this world but once. Any  
good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness  
that I can show to any human being, let me do it  
now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall  
not pass this way again.



LIFE is short, and we have never too much time  
for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling  
the same dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to  
love! Make haste to be kind!

AMIEL.

THE character of God's goodness is communicative. He is always communicating Himself to His creatures in nature, in grace, in glory. We must copy this example. There is no such thing as selfish goodness, thinking only about ourselves and our own souls.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.



No man can work worthily in this world of God's unless there burn in him the stimulating fire of some great and clear conviction.

RICHARD A. ARMSTRONG.



BUT thou go forth and do thy deed,  
In forest and in town,  
Nor sigh for ease while pain and need  
Are plucking at thy gown.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.



THE poor are our friends, and according to the Spanish proverb, "When a friend asketh there is no to-morrow."



LADY LINDSAY.

GOD puts within our reach the power of helpfulness, the ministry of pity.

FRANCIS PAGET.

MAKE a rule, and pray God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, "I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



IF I can put one touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



"THE greatest thing," says some one, "a man can do for his Heavenly Father is, to be kind to some of His other children."

HENRY DRUMMOND.



NOTHING is impossible; there are ways which lead to everything, and if we had sufficient will we should always have sufficient means.



"I HAVE no mission," said Clara Barton, years ago, "but I have always had more work lying about my feet than I could do."



THE only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can, to whomsoever you can, as long as God permits you to live in this world.



ALL worldly joys go less  
Than the one joy of doing kindnesses.

GEORGE HERBERT.



THERE is no higher dignity than that of helpfulness.



If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on ;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



MAY you never say of a brother dear,  
“ Did I do enough to help and cheer ?  
Did I try to help and guide him ? ”  
Now the snares of the world about him lie,  
And if unhonored he live and die,  
I shall wish I were dead beside him.

PHŒBE CARY.

KIND words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song which had lost its way and come on earth. It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do — soften the hard and angry hearts of men. No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm — crushed, perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough — but drawn nearer to God, never.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.



A TOUCH, a tender word, no more —  
A face that lingers by the door,  
To turn and smile, a fond word said,  
A kiss — these things make heaven, and yet  
We do neglect, refuse, forget,  
To give that little ere 'tis fled,  
    Ah, me ! ah, me !  
And sad hearts go un comforted.



A KIND word, a gentle act, a modest demeanor, a loving smile, are as so many seeds that we can scatter every moment of our lives, and which will always spring up and bear fruit.

GOLD DUST.

## Only

ONLY a seed — but it chanced to fall  
In a little cleft of a city wall,  
And taking root, grew bravely up  
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a thought — but the work it wrought  
Could never by tongue or pen be taught ;  
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,  
And the life bore fruit — a hundred fold.

Only a word — but 'twas spoken in love,  
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above ;  
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more,  
For a new-born soul “ entered in by the door.”



FRIENDS, in this world of hurry,  
And work, and sudden end,  
If a thought comes quick of doing  
A kindness to a friend,

Do it that very moment !  
Don't put it off — don't wait !  
What's the use of doing a kindness  
If you do it a day too late ?

Do the work that's nearest,  
Though it's dull at whiles,  
Helping when you meet them,  
Lame dogs over stiles.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



AND this thought will be our comfort —  
That if only we will bear  
One another's burdens gladly,  
Christ Himself the weight will share.

He will note each kindly effort,  
And will cheer us all the while  
With the gladness and the sunshine  
Of His tender, loving smile.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.



NEVER let the seeming worthlessness of sympathy  
make you keep back that sympathy of which, when  
men are suffering around you, your heart is full. Go  
and give it without asking yourself whether it is worth  
while to give it. It is too sacred a thing for you to  
tell what it is worth. God, from whom it comes,  
sends it through you to His needy child.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.



HAVE a loving care for others; God will have a  
loving care for thee.

IF thou art blest  
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest  
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies  
Black in thy brother's skies.

If thou art sad,  
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad.

ANNA E. HAMILTON.



LOOK up and not down,  
Look forward and not back,  
Look out and not in ;  
Lend a hand.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.



THY business is mine and mine thine, if there is  
a ghost of a chance that we can either of us help  
the other.



THOSE who bring sunshine to the lives of others  
cannot keep it from themselves.

JAMES M. BARRIE.



How lovely are the messengers that teach us the  
gospel of peace. To all the nations is gone forth the  
sound of their words; throughout all the lands their  
glad tidings.

MENDELSSOHN, *Oratorio of St. Paul.*

BLESSING she is ; God made her so,  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow ;  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



PERHAPS at the Last Day all that will remain  
worth recording of a life full of activity and zeal,  
will be those little deeds that were done solely beneath  
the eye of God.

GOLD DUST.



THAT best portion of a good man's life,  
His little nameless unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



Sow with a generous hand ;  
Pause not for toil or pain ;  
Sow and look onward, upward ;  
You shall reap in joy the harvest  
You have sown to-day in tears.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

WHAT a gladness in the glory of the better land to  
know,  
That some poor, waiting, longing, doubting, fearing  
souls below,  
In our gracious human loving, we the love of God  
did show.



## The Sower

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land ;  
Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock,  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Drop it upon the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground  
Expect not here nor there ;  
O'er hill and dale and plain 'tis found,  
Go forth then, everywhere !  
And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky ;  
Then when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
At God's great harvest-home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



BETTER to walk the realm unseen  
Than watch the hour's event ;  
Better the well done at the last  
Than the air with shoutings rent.

GEORGE MACDONALD.





# **Consecration**



**M**AY the glad dawn  
Of Easter-morn  
Bring holy joy to thee.

May the calm eve  
Of Easter leave  
A peace divine with thee.

May Easter-night  
On thine heart write,  
O Christ, I live for Thee.

ONCE go forth and live, and love, and move, and speak, act, and think, all for Jesus, and you need know no other thought or rule.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.



LORD, in my simple heart I give myself to-day to be Thy servant ever.



THOMAS À KEMPIS.

“THY will — nothing more, nothing less, nothing else.”



TRULY, it is a hard lesson, but if by God's grace we learn it, we shall find that there is no joy in the world like the joy of those who have entirely given up the thought of pleasing themselves, and seek only to hear and do the will of God.

YOUNG.



OTHER hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



DOING God's will as if it were my own,  
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE mark of a saint is not perfection but consecration. A saint is not a man without faults, but a man who has given himself without reserve to God.

BISHOP WESTCOTT.



It is only the lives hidden in God and to Him wholly consecrated which have power to tell upon those which lie on a lower level, and to lift them higher by the very intensity of their own spiritual love.

H. BOWMAN.



THAT man is very strong and powerful who has no more hopes for himself, who looks not to be loved any more, to be admired any more, to have any more honor or dignity, and who cares not for gratitude, but whose sole thought is for others, and who only lives on for them.

HELPS.



WE may go through common life with an uncommon motive—the thought of God, and the desire of pleasing and serving Him in all things.

EDWARD MEYRIC GOULBURN.



LIFE is a little gift when love bids “give!”

EDWIN ARNOLD.

LORD, make me quick to see  
Each task awaiting me,  
And quick to do ;  
Oh, grant me strength, I pray,  
With lowly love each day  
And purpose true,

To go as Jesus went,  
Spending and being spent,  
Myself forgot ;  
Supplying human needs  
By loving words and deeds,  
Oh, happy lot !

R. M. OFFORD.



To become like Christ is the only thing in the  
world worth caring for, the thing before which every  
ambition of man is folly and all lower achievements  
vain.

HENRY DRUMMOND.



HOLD in my sight Thy wondrous cross,  
So shall I faint not under mine ;  
So shall I deem no anguish loss  
That leads me in Thy steps divine.

W. M. L. JAY.

## Christ's Giving

*St. John xv. 13*

THE spirit of self-sacrifice  
Stays not to count its price.  
Christ did not of His mere abundance cast  
Into the empty treasury of man's store :  
The First and Last  
Gave until even He could give no more ;  
His very living,  
Such was Christ's giving.

ANNA E. HAMILTON.



Two mites, two drops, but all her house and land,  
Fell from an earnest heart but trembling hand,  
The others wanton wealth foamed high and brave,  
The others cast away, she only gave.



SHE had ceased to think that her own lot could be  
happy — had ceased to think of happiness at all : the  
one end of her life seemed to be the diminishing of  
sorrow.

GEORGE ELIOT.



NEVER be afraid of giving up your best, and God  
will give you His better.

HINTON.



PERHAPS there may be hours  
When I will miss the flow'rs  
That made more bright the groves  
That contemplation loves ;  
But I am satisfied  
With Christ the crucified.

A. E. S.



THOU hast created us unto Thyself, and our heart  
finds no rest until it rests in Thee.

ST. AUGUSTINE.



GOD's greatness flows around our incompleteness ;  
Round our restlessness — His rest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



OUR hearts are full and our voices sing  
Of our love for the Christ—for the risen King.



THE more closely the tie is drawn between our-  
selves and our Master, the more like Him we shall  
be seen to go about doing good.

KNOX LITTLE.

WE take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less ;  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
Whose will be done.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



It matters not where or what we are, so we be  
His servants.

H. E. MANNING.



MY God, teach me to live with an abiding sense  
of Thy Presence, laboring for Thee, suffering for  
Thee, guided by Thee, and Thee alone.

GOLD DUST.



GRANT me the utmost holiness of which I am  
capable, then let others be holier than myself.

GOLD DUST.



AND now we only ask to serve,  
We do not ask to rest ;  
We would give all without reserve,  
Our life, our love, our best.

We only ask to see His face,  
It is enough for us :  
We only ask the lowest place,  
So He may smile on us.

M. E. TOWNSEND.



# Trust



SING, children, sing!  
The lilies white you bring  
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blossoming;  
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast doth fling,  
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal spring,  
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from pain,  
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn again.  
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smiling grace,  
Without a shade of doubt or fear, into the Future's face!  
Sing, sing in the happy chorus, with joyful voices tell  
That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall be well;  
That bitter days shall cease  
In warmth, and light, and peace;  
That winter yields to spring:  
Sing, little children, sing!

CELIA THAXTER.

JUST as there comes a warm sunbeam into every cottage window, so comes a love-beam of God's care and pity for every separate need.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



GREAT our need, but greater far  
Is our Father's loving power.  
He upholds each mighty star,  
He unfolds each tiny flower.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



PEOPLE talk about special providences. I believe in the providences, but not in the specialty. I do not believe that God lets the thread of my affairs go for six days, and on the seventh evening takes it up for a moment.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



BUT Heaven hath a hand in these events,  
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



THERE is a power whose care  
Teaches thy way.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I KNOW that He has led me all my life.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



JUST outside the workday path  
By man's volition trod,  
Lie the resistless issues of  
The things ordained of God.

ALICE CARY.



GOD shall be my hope,  
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



I JUST fold my wings at nightfall,  
Wherever I happen to be ;  
For the Father is always watching,  
No harm can happen to me.

N. V. W.



HAPPY the man who sees a God employed  
In all the good or ill that checkers life.

COWPER.



THROUGH Him the first fond prayers are said,  
Our lips of childhood frame ;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with His name.



WHEN shadows of the valley fall,  
When sin and death the soul appall,  
One light we through the darkness see :  
Christ on the cross,  
We cry to Thee.

TUDOR JENKS.



HIS ear is ever open,  
He hears the faintest cry ;  
To all who call upon Him,  
The Lord our God is nigh.

CHRISTINA MULLER.



WHATEVER troubles come to you of mind, body,  
or estate, from within or from without, from chance  
or from intent, from friends or foes — whatever your  
trouble be, though you be lonely, O children of a  
Heavenly Father, be not afraid.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



IN difficult positions where you anticipate not only  
trouble for yourself but also dangers for others, fore-  
see and prepare for them, but do not fear them ; if  
they come, the will of God and His grace will be  
there also.



THE Shepherd is leading you in a circuitous path,  
but in the right way to His own blessed fold.

Be quiet, soul ;  
Why shouldst thou care and sadness borrow,  
Why sit in nameless fear and sorrow  
The livelong day ?  
God will mark out thy path to-morrow  
In His best way.



WE are always disbelieving in God, because things  
do not go as we intend and desire them to go.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



THAT's best  
Which God sends. 'Twas His will ; it is mine.  
OWEN MEREDITH.



Do the darkness and the terror plot against you,  
We also plan.  
They that love you are stronger than your haters ;  
Trust God, O man !  
EDWIN ARNOLD.



If you fear,  
Cast all your care on God ; that anchor holds.  
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

WHEN we cannot see our way  
Let us trust and still obey ;  
He who bids us forward go,  
Will not fail the way to show.



LATE on me weeping did this whisper fall :  
“ Dear child, there is no need to weep at all :  
Why go about to grieve and to despair ?  
Why weep now through thy future’s eyes, and bear  
In vain to-day, to-morrow’s load of care.”

SEPTIMUS SUTTON.



It becomes by degrees easier to love God with no  
uncertain affection ; to take adversities as blessings ;  
and to see in every cross a sign of love.

BISHOP WILLIAM E. McLAREN.



To feel altho’ no tongue can prove  
That every cloud that spreads above,  
And veileth love, itself is love.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



MUCH must be borne which is hard to bear,  
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.  
God help us all who need indeed His care :  
And yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

RUTH OGDEN.

OH, we all have need of that prayer of the Breton mariner : "Save us, O God ! Thine ocean is so large and our little boats so small."

CANON F. W. FARRAR.



No help ! nay, it is not so !  
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh  
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry,  
He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,  
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.



In my own hands my want and weakness are,  
My strength, O God, in Thine.

BAYARD TAYLOR.



FAITH is a grasping of Almighty power  
The hand of man laid on the arm of God,  
The grand and blessed hour  
In which the things impossible to me  
Become the possible, O Lord, through Thee.

ANNA E. HAMILTON.



Lo ! Lord, I sit in Thy wide space  
My child upon my knee ;  
She looketh up into my face  
And I look up to Thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE way at times may dark and weary seem,  
No ray of sunshine on our path may beam,  
The dark clouds hover o'er us like a pall,  
And gloom and sadness seem to compass all,  
But still with honest purpose toil we on ;  
And if our steps be upright, straight, and true,  
Far in the east a golden light shall dawn  
And the bright smile of God come bursting through.

WILL CARLETON.



To learn to leave things with God and to do  
one's work as if God could be trusted, is to gain  
the repose and full-heartedness which permits one  
to pour out his whole strength without anxiety,  
worry, or distraction.



I SAID to my little son, who was watching tear-  
fully a tree he had planted, "Let it alone: it will  
grow while you are sleeping."



WHY shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
About to-morrow,  
My heart ?  
One watches all with care most true :  
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,  
Thy part.

PAUL FLEMMING.

THIS life is linked to the eternal,—it will all come right. It will all come right at last.

REV. JOHN O. HAARVIG.

✱

My bark is wafted to the strand  
By breath Divine,  
And on the helm there rests a hand  
Other than mine.

DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

✱

AT the end of all exists the great Hope,—Eternal Life.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

✱

THEN hush! oh, hush! for the Father knows what  
thou knowest not,  
The need and the thorn and the shadow linked with  
the fairest lot;  
Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen  
snare;  
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what  
thou could'st not bear.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father portioneth as He  
will  
To all His beloved children, and shall they not be  
still?

Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the  
best ?

And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect rest ?

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father, whose ways are true  
and just,

Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for thy  
perfect trust ;

The cup He is slowly filling, shall soon be full to  
the brim,

And infinite compensations forever be found in Him.

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father hath fulness of joy  
in store,

Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures for-  
evermore ;

Blessing and honor and glory, endless, infinite bliss : —  
Child of His love and His choice, oh, canst thou not  
wait for this ?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

# The Ministry of Sorrow





**T**HINK you to escape  
What mortal man can never be without?  
What saint upon earth has never lived apart from,  
cross and care?  
Why, even Jesus Christ, our Lord, was not even for  
one hour free from His passion's pain.  
Christ says, "He needs must suffer,  
Rising from the dead,  
And enter thus upon His glory."  
And how do *you* ask for another road  
Than this — the Royal Pathway of the Holy Cross.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

## My Web of Life

No chance has brought this ill to me ;  
'Tis God's sweet will, so let it be ;  
He seeth what I cannot see.

There is a need-be for each pain,  
And He will make it one day plain  
That earthly loss is heavenly gain.

Like as a piece of tapestry,  
Viewed from the back appears to be  
Naught but threads tangled hopelessly,

But in the front a picture fair  
Rewards the worker for his care,  
Proving his skill and patience rare.

Thou art the workman, I the frame ;  
Lord, for the glory of Thy name,  
Perfect Thine image on the same.



THOSE who have suffered much are like those who  
know many languages, they have learned to under-  
stand and to be understood by all.

MADAME SWETCHINE.



'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE man who is able to look down and see that part of him capable of disappointment lying beneath him, is far more blessed than he who rejoices in the fulfilment of his desires.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



It is a sair thing to be misjudged, but it's no more than the Maker o' us all pits up wi' ilka hoor o' the day, and says ne'er a word. Eh, but God's unco quiet! Sae long as He kens to Himsel as He's richt, He lets folks think as they like till He has time to let them ken better. Lord, mak clean my heart within me, and syne I'll care little for any judgment but Thine.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



THIS leaf? This stone? It is thy heart;  
It must be crushed by pain and smart,  
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art —  
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,  
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet  
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.



Good is that darkening of our lives  
Which only God can brighten;  
But better still that hopeless load  
Which none but God can lighten.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they  
grind exceeding small ;  
Though in patience long He waiteth, yet He surely  
grindeth all.



CHASTENED lives are better than merry ones ;  
earnest souls are more needed than happy ones.



THE darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never see by day.

THOMAS MOORE.



THROW not the cross away, of it the crown is  
made.



THOMAS À KEMPIS.

IF I have no cross to bear to-day, I shall not  
advance heavenward. . . .

To lie quietly on a bed of down may seem a very  
sweet existence ; but pleasant ease and rest are not  
the lot of a Christian. If he would mount higher  
and higher, it must be by a rough road.

GOLD DUST.



WHEN God afflicts thee, think He hews a rugged  
stone  
Which must be shaped or else aside as useless  
thrown.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

As fire tempers the iron, so  
Are we refined by woe.



ALICE CARY.

IT was no relief from temporal evils that the  
Apostle promised. . . .

No; the mercy of God might send them to the  
stake or the lions; it was still His mercy, if it but  
kept them "unspotted from the world." It might  
expose them to insult, calumny, and wrong; they  
received it still as mercy if it "established them in  
every good work."



WM. ARCHER BUTLER.

ONLY through suffering are we reconciled  
To the immortal Gods and to ourselves.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



THE cry rung from thy spirit's pain  
May echo on some far-off plain  
And guide a wanderer home again.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



GOD doth suffice! O thou, the patient one,  
Who putttest faith in Him, and none beside,  
Bear yet thy load, under the setting sun  
The glad tints gleam, thou wilt be satisfied.

EDWIN ARNOLD.



# Faith and Cheer





AND perched the glittering, icy boughs among,  
One little bird was pouring out his song,—  
An Easter carol full of faith and cheer,—  
Under the leaden sky so sad and drear.

Dear little songster, braver thou than we !  
Surely our clouded hearts are shamed by thee ;  
So easy 'tis to sing when skies are fair,  
And the spring gladness waketh in the air.

But still to keep sweet music in the heart,  
When wintry storms bid brightest hopes depart,  
When skies are dark and springtime waiteth long,  
This is the true, the perfect Easter song.

G. H. D.

THERE is sunshine everywhere  
For thy heart and mine :  
God for every sin and care  
Is the cure divine.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



I HAVE read in Plato and Cicero sayings that are  
very wise and beautiful, but I never read in either of  
them, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are  
heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

ST. AUGUSTINE.



GREEN ways or gray,  
Labor or play,  
There's sweetness somewhere  
In each passing day.



THEY who the sweetest rest  
Are they who toil the best ;  
In holy freedom living,  
To lowly sufferers giving ;  
In God's fear aye remaining,  
From every sin abstaining.

M. E. TOWNSEND.



AVOID looking forward or backward, and try to  
keep looking upward.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

AND present gratitude  
Insures the future's good,  
And for the things I see  
I trust the things to be ;

That in the paths untrod,  
And the long days of God,  
My feet shall still be led,  
My heart be comforted.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



How soon a smile of God can change the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.



As on the Sea of Galilee  
The Christ is whispering peace.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



BE the day weary  
Or be the day long,  
At last it ringeth  
To evensong.



THANK God there is always a light whence to  
borrow  
When darkness is darkest, and sorrow most sorrow.

ALICE CARY.

WE worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing,  
We praise Thee and confess Thee  
Our glorious Lord and King.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



WE thank Thee, dear Lord,  
For the sunshine fair,  
For flowers that smile  
By the wayside fair.

M. E. TOWNSEND.



THE sun set ; but set not his hopes ;  
Stars rose ; his faith was earlier up.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



To a strong and earnest will  
All is easy ; labor still.



HE is near to help and bless ;  
Be not weary, onward press.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



THINGS at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Do thy duty, that is best ;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



It rests my weary aching eyes,  
And soothes my heart and brain,  
To see the tender green of the leaves  
And the blossoms wet with rain.

PHŒBE CARY.



HOPE in our souls is King  
And the King never dies.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;  
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen : my crown is called content ;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



OH, life hath many a cloudy day,  
And many griefs and wrongs !  
Yet all along its checkered way  
“ He giveth songs.”



EARTH with its thousand voices praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

III

## Tender Mercies

TENDER mercies on my way  
Falling softly, like the dew,  
Sent me freshly every day,  
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,  
Though to greater bliss I go,  
Every present gift of good  
To eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,  
Well of joy for which I long,  
Let the song I sing to Thee  
Be an everlasting song.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING.



TUNE for Thyself the music of my days,  
And open Thou my lips that I may show Thy praise.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



ONE day at a time ! but a single day,  
Whatever its load, whatever its length ;  
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say,  
That according to each shall be our strength.

WINTER is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart ; I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach to the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

VICTOR HUGO.



O LORD, that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



“WE bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life ; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.”





# Hope of the Resurrection



“ **I** KNOW that my Redeemer liveth,  
And that He shall stand —  
At the latter day upon the earth;  
And tho’ worms destroy this body  
Yet in my flesh shall I see God.  
I know that my Redeemer liveth,  
For now is Christ risen from the dead  
The first fruits of them that sleep.”

IN regal quiet deep  
Lo, One new waked from sleep!  
Behold, He standeth in the rock-hewn door!  
Thy children shall not die, —  
Peace, peace, thy Lord is by!  
He liveth! they shall live forevermore.  
Peace! Lo, He lifts a priestly hand,  
And blesseth all the sons of men in every land.

JEAN INGELow.



PEACE, peace! he is not dead, he doth but sleep —  
He hath awakened from the dream of life.



AND tho' when wearied some dear one lies down  
To his last rest, we cannot choose but weep,  
Yet like sweet music sounds the word of peace,  
I come that I may wake him out of sleep.

A. H. PARRY.



Now, God be praised, that to believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## Easter Lilies

EASTER lilies pure and white,  
Emblems fair of life and light;  
Easter lilies bud and bloom  
Close beside the empty tomb. .

God's sweet darlings here below  
In this world of grief and woe,  
Words could not so well express  
Heaven's love and tenderness.

In your blossoms we may read:  
"He now lives who once was dead;  
Heavenward lift your weeping eyes  
To those mansions in the skies.

"Look unto the pearly gates,  
There thy loved one for thee waits:  
List, that Voice that speaks to thee,  
'Haste thy coming unto Me.'"

Easter lilies, by your breath  
Taught am I there is no death;  
By the white light of your bloom  
I behold an empty tomb!

REV. GEORGE W. CROFTS.

THERE must be lovely lands somewhere starward,  
for those who go thither never return, and I very  
much doubt if any would if they could.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.



AND somewhere yet in the hill-tops  
Of the country that hath no pain,  
She will watch in her beautiful doorway  
To bid us welcome again.



IT is not darkness you are going to, for God is  
Light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with you. It  
is not an unknown country, for Christ is there.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



AND thither thou, beloved, and thither I  
May set our heart and set our face, and go,  
Faint, yet pursuing, home on tireless feet.

CHIRSTINA G. ROSSETTI.



GOD grant that all who watch to-day  
Beside their sepulchres of loss  
May find the great stone rolled away,—  
May see at last, with vision clear,

The shining angel standing near,  
And through the dimly-lighted soul  
Again may joy's evangel roll  
The glory of the cross.

JULIA H. THAYER.

## Vernal Solace

WHEN April's sky is blue above  
The quiet dust of those we love,  
There comes to every heart that grieves,  
The solace of unfolding leaves.

A vernal benediction flows  
Through wind-born whispers of the rose,  
And bears to every listening soul  
A promise from some far-off goal.

The turf made fair by rain and sun,  
Breathes not of dark oblivion,  
And girds the silence of the tomb  
With tiny miracles of bloom.

Each star-eyed daisy seems to bring  
The brave, sweet gospel of the spring;  
And the deep blue violets tell  
Of love and life invincible.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.



## Easter Hymn

**CHRIST** the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say ;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won.  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell,  
Death in vain forbids Him rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head ;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise :  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

















